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SENIOR NUMBER

State Normal School Journal

VOLUME IV.

CHENEY, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1920

NUMBER 35

SENIOR SNEAK DAY PICNIC

Senior A Class Have Happy Jaunt to
Liberty Lake on July 28

Only a Senior or an Alumnus can understand to the full and unholy joy of Sneak day, for he alone has felt its thrill. There is no other day quite like it in the whole school calendar.

The Senior A class of the summer quarter, 1920, chose to sneak on Wednesday, July 28. Five o'clock of the loveliest summer morning saw a swift hejira from the silent and sleeping houses move toward the city park. There the Senior A's met in a merry throng and were soon loaded on the two trucks which were to bear them to Liberty lake. They departed from Cheney to the accompaniment of a variety of tunes and chants, and the entire journey was made carelessly gay by songs, jokes and yells.

Breakfast was enjoyed near Hangman Creek, after which the trip to the lake was resumed.

In Spokane one of the trucks added to its human freight a picturesque little "newsie," who, during the day, thoroughly enjoyed himself by splashing water, throwing sand on his benefactors, eating quantities of ice cream and cake, and getting lost exactly at the time everybody else was ready to start back. "Jimmie" probably remembers that day as a joyous adventure.

After arriving at the lake water sports were enjoyed by the class. Those who were not inclined to be human fishes sat on the sandy beach and enjoyed themselves immensely watching the others, while all revelled in the thought of their empty chairs in the classrooms at Cheney. At 11 o'clock an immense spread was enjoyed and after it was over Mr. Baldwin suggested "bursting into song," but almost everyone else felt like bursting into a million pieces.

In the afternoon groups of the students could be seen walking around the park or sitting in the shade, thoroughly enjoying themselves if facial expression gives any clue. Some of the more energetic again enjoyed the water and from the redness of their necks and shoulders gave evidence of a good coat of sunburn.

Before leaving for Cheney the Seniors partook of another sumptuous meal. Then everyone, with much scrambling around so that the best of friends might not be separated, climbed on the trucks and amidst laughter, shouting and dust the happy supporters of the pink and green banner set out for home.

Progress thru Spokane was marked by the singing of the "Red and White" and much waving of hands to the men and women just returning from their work, whose tired faces flashed into at least a momentary smile in response to the appeal of youth and happiness. Another warm response was received when the trucks made a brief halt in front of the Chemical block. The strains of the "Red and White" brought a former student of the Normal to her window, and a minute later she held up her chubby baby in a hastily improvised green cap, so that wee person might dance upon the window sill and throw kisses to the girls below.

The Seniors arrived in Cheney just in time for the movies, which they attended in order to let everyone know they were back from their happy jaunt, and then went to their respective homes, very tired, dishevelled and entirely happy.

It can be determined whether a person has iron in their system when things go wrong, as they sometimes lose their temper when they get hot.

SENIOR A BREAKFAST

All the Normal school faculty and student body were awakened at 6:30, Thursday morning, by the tramp, tramp of the 160 Senior A feet tripping rhythmically tho not lightly as they ascended to the roof breakfast garden, so near to the heavens, where a delightful surprise awaited them. When they reached the breakfast room the first thing that greeted their beaming eyes was refreshing iced cantaloups; next came the tempting creamed chicken in timbles, which was followed by hot buttered rolls served with luscious red raspberry jam.

The Seniors will not soon forget the cup of bracing strong coffee which gave them strength and courage to face the trying ordeal of walking across the stage to receive their graduation diplomas Thursday evening.

Mr. Staffebach starred again, not as the model man of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," but with his voracious appetite, displaying an ability at stowing away foodstuffs as would rival G. Leslie himself.

SECOND FORMAL DANCE HELD

Jolliest and Most Enjoyable Affair
of the Season

The second formal dance of the summer term was held in the gymnasium Friday evening, July 30, at 8 o'clock, in honor of the Senior A class. It was probably the jolliest and most enjoyable affair of the season.

The Senior B's deserve great praise for the beautiful display of Senior A class colors and the unique programs with such interesting numbers as: The Pink and Green; Sweet Girl Graduate; and Senior A Special. Punch was served between dances by small girls who did honor to the Seniors by wearing the pink and green.

The many-colored, airy dresses biting to and fro harmonized beautifully with the decorations and made it seem a veritable fairyland.

Cozy corners were arranged in the rear of the room, which were greatly enjoyed by those who wished to rest.

The orchestra, consisting of piano, violins, cornet, saxophone and drums, played delightful music thruout the evening.

The presence of many out-of-town guests was enjoyed at the reception.

The grand march was appropriately led by Dr. Tieje, Senior B class adviser, and Cletys Gossett, Senior B class president. This was followed by numerous social dances. All were loath to hear "Home, Sweet Home."

The patrons and patronesses of the evening were: Dean and Mrs. J. E. Buchanan, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Tieje, Miss Elgine Warren and Miss Cletys Gossett.

Raid at Senior Hall

Tuesday evening afforded a deal of excitement in the form of class strife. It was a case of conspicuousness by the absence of the Senior caps from their respective cubby holes. The Senior B's had made a raid on those precious pink and green articles, much to the consternation of the owners. The latter searched and scoured every conceivable hiding place in the hall, recovering some and lamenting the fate of the others.

The following day, while the A's were "sneaking," the B's were sacking the wardrobes and proudly strutting around in the spoils therefrom. When their enemies returned blistered and weary, but more peppy than ever, they were greeted by sorry sights upon entering their rooms.

A cry reverberated thru the corridors—"Just wait, Senior B's!"

ANNEX LAWN PARTY

Saturday evening, July 31, the Annex girls gave a lovely lawn party to the men of the school, to whom the Annex is to be turned over next year.

The lawn was decorated with Japanese lanterns and umbrellas. Mrs. Curry and Miss Cletys Gossett each presided at a tea table, from which they served ice cream and cake.

Miss Ann Sumner, president of the Annex, presented the key to Mr. Fred Berquist, who responded in behalf of the boys. This was followed by short talks from Mr. Kingston and Mrs. Curry.

All enjoyed a delightful hour of playing games on the lawn.

The doors were then thrown open and the boys went thru all the rooms. The pictures of the girls' numerous admirers proved of more interest than the other furnishings of the rooms.

The men then entertained the girls by singing some of their songs.

Each man went home with the feeling of a well spent evening, and is looking forward to the occupancy of the Annex the coming year.

FORTY ASK FOR ELEMENTARIES

Elementary Certificates Will Permit
Holders to Teach for Two Years
in State of Washington.

Forty students of the summer session of the Normal school are candidates for elementary certificates, which will permit them to teach for two years in the public schools of the state. The candidates are:

Margaret Allbaugh, Cheney; Mrs. Cora M. Bell, Mohler; Edna Bovee, Ritzville; Ruth L. Brown, Palouse; Elsie Burtch, Walla Walla; Karin E. Karlson, Spokane; Minnie Eckard, Garfield; Edna M. Edwards, Portland, Ore.; Bertha Emerson, Opportunity; Ruth Felch, Cheney; Flora Haxton, Pullman; Katherine Helm, Four Lakes; Valva B. Holm, Spokane; Margaret C. Houck, Cheney; Vera H. Houston, Opportunity; Althea L. Johnston, Ritzville; Mrs. Alice Kepl, Spangle, and Henry Kleweno, Alexandria, Minn.

Ebba Lindberg, Spokane; Beryl McCabe, Hillyard; Grace Merriman, Cheney; Eva P. Miller, Oakesdale; Florence Pence, Colville; Pauline Peterson, Cheney; Mrs. Bernetta Reinbold, Wilbur; Ora May Reynolds, Mabton; Bessie Roberts, Hartline; Lilah H. Shamblin, Wilbur; Dorothea Snyder, Pasco; Gertrude L. Spangle, Spangle; Mrs. Laura Stooker, Wilbur; Ann L. Sumner, Prosser; Elvera Swanson, Portland, Ore.; Grace E. Thorndike, Hillyard; Vesta E. Thorndike, Hillyard; Ruth A. Van Slyke, Cheney; Wilma Weinandy, Plaza; Mabel E. Witzel, Connell; Francis M. Williams, Athena, Ore.; Gladys M. Young, Spokane.

SUNSET

Now sinks the red sun to his rest
Behind the mountains in the West;
His flaming colors blent with blue,
Now startles us with magic hue.

And as we look upon the sight
The day fades into dusky night
As sometimes fades a dream from view
Which man had thought to be e'er true.

And here a silence steals our soul.
'Tis ever thus our lives do roll.
Now it is sunset, now 'tis night,
We slowly sink from earthly sight.

But thanks be to Awakening Day
Which bursts with radiance on our way,
For death is but a peaceful night
That blossoms in eternal light.

—Mary F. Bolster.

SENIOR PLAY A SUCCESS

"Best Play Ever Put On in Cheney
Normal," Is Verdict of Critics.

The play presented by the August class of 1920 was absolutely different from any play ever given before in the Normal. Heretofore light comedies have been presented which have held the attention of the audience by the cleverness of the plot, and the success has been rated by the number of laughs the play produced. But in the play presented Friday, August 6, the success depended entirely upon the seriousness with which the audience listened to the presentation.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is a serious drama which carries a lesson for us all. The sense of the plot is a second-rate boarding house in London. The characters are "You and I," ordinary mortals—the varied group that collects in such a place. Every type of humanity is represented. In the prologue, or first act, the lodgers are at their worst. The better self has been so long submerged, the faults have so long been allowed to thrive that they are cats, vixens, snobs and what not. As Stasia puts it, they are a "rotten lot." And then, because little Stasia the maid wishes for a different life, the "Stranger" enters the lodging house, to occupy "the Third Floor Back." The stranger is our better self, or perhaps—the Christ. He comes among them in the second act in all their spite, greed and wickedness, and tho they themselves do not know him, his spirit penetrates the hard wall of their hearts, and lets in a touch of sunlight. Memories come thronging with the sweet, happy days of childhood, the days when the Stranger was with them always, the days when the Spirit was a part of them, not the Stranger.

The ice of their hearts melts in the warmth of his love, and the sweet natures which have so long been hidden reassert themselves. The Stranger, now a stranger no longer, realizes that his mission has been accomplished and passes on to the next task, leaving behind him his memory, like a beautiful song, and his spirit, which will keep alive and warm the hearts of the people he loves. This closes the third act, or epilogue.

A play of this sort is considered a "stickler" in professional companies, and with a company of amateurs, a production of it would be impossible without an exceptionally efficient director. But such a director we have in G. Leslie Farnham, and to him must all praise be given for the success of the play. The wonderful enthusiasm which he was able to arouse in the members of the cast, the clear interpretations he gave them of their parts, and the patience and tact with which he handled them are rare gifts, and seldom is a director found who can handle amateurs so efficiently.

In the presentation of the play, the action, as is usual with a heavy play, started off in jerks, and gradually settled down to a smooth and well ordered action. The audience, which is so used to the lighter type of play, scarcely knew what to expect next, and were looking for the laugh. The prologue of the play introduced the characters as they were living in the boarding house. These people were shown in all their wickedness, and as the curtain closed at the end of the epilogue, the audience was wondering what it was all about, and what was going to happen. Had the first act not been well sustained, the entire atmosphere of the whole play would have been ruined. As it was, the plot was well sustained, and the atmosphere of the whole play was a soul-grIPPING one.

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State Normal School Journal

CHENEY WASHINGTON

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JOURNAL STAFF

Editor-in-ChiefF. E. Berquist
Associate EditorHarold W. Whicker
Bus. ManagerRalph E. Lindahl

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1920



THE PROLOGUE IS PLAYED—

The curtain falls upon the activity of 85 members of the Senior class. It is graduation from the first act; it is commencement to the second. The place of action of the prologue is what we now term our Alma Mater. The time is two of the best years of our lives. The players, every one of us. What is it about? A number of people who have chosen the teaching profession as their place of service in the scheme of things. These people have taken advantage of the wonderful institution erected by the state and dedicated to the furthering of that which is their aim—education. And truly, it is a noble aspiration, to be determinants in the lives of scores belonging to a future generation. In this first act, these people have endeavored to fit themselves by more or less study, effort, self denial and sacrifice, in order that they might be the more nearly worthy of the high ideal which they have erected as a goal. The actors in this act are much the same as found in any play. All people, true to life, but as many different types as their number. Not all heroes—not all villains—not all “fill-in” players—not all “extras,” but a combination of all. Some have received a wholesome part of everything the institution had to offer—others a little less and still others less. Some received richer mixtures than others. There is no gauge to measure just what the quantity or quality of this is—no hydrometer to register the dynamic accumulation, the result of direction and efforts of these various actors.

As water finds its level, so do the students of an educational institution. The individual makeup will express itself—the colors must come to light. Two years have been spent—the classes have been attended—the varying degrees of value obtained—the certain proficiency has been acquired—the set ideal has been realized. This must be so, because we have now graduated!

The curtain has fallen! The prologue is played!

SNEAK DAY AT THE HALL

When 5 a. m. rolled around, Wednesday, it found the enthusiastic Senior A's tip toeing out of the Hall with the hope that none of the “less important” there should get wise to the fact until half the day was over, at least.

But some villainous beast had absorbed the idea before breakfast that morning, so led a mutinous crowd into the diner, half of them topped with “pink and green,” which had been snatched heretofore with the fond de-

sire that their loved ones be well represented during their absence.

Duplicate brilliancy and pep was again displayed when each Senior A abode was turned into one grand conglomeration. Here and there, however, some fond member was represented with a mummie dressed in her own attire. Among the most interesting mummies were Ruth Davis and Enid Grebe, waiting patiently for the others' return.

To top it all, some of the most eligibles arrayed themselves in a few new togs and strutted out to represent Louise Narup, Ruth Davis, Emma Randall, the Grebe twins (who kept busily employed chasing Horn and Hopf around the school) and various others.

After the scramble of finding a “how” to sleep for the night, all went peacefully along.

Thursday night at about 12 p. m., however, some patriotic and peppy Senior A's could not sleep, so proceeded to angle around after all available shoes, load them up, and give them a scenic trip.

Needless to say that before long, the hall was a buzzing bee hive, each trying to recover shoes, or shower the robbers. As Mother Night in time hushes all, so Myra Booth hushed the crowd. The next morning the turnout of footwear was—“You'd be Surprised.” We're now flying a flag of truce.

HIGH SPOTS OF SUMMER SESSION

The oasis of this summer session consisted of picture shows every Wednesday. These shows were both educational and entertaining. On Tuesday night of each week, play hour was a special feature. Due to the large attendance on these occasions, the B class piled up hoards of gold by the sale of ice cream cones. The Fraser-Cline management surely knows how to select pictures without seeing them.

George Bailey Recital

Thursday, July 20, the students were given a marvelous concert by George Bailey of the University of Washington. Mr. Bailey, being blind, played entirely from memory, and showed remarkable ability as a pianist.

Dr. White Elk

Early in the summer the students had the pleasure of meeting Dr. White Elk, a Cherokee Indian, graduate of Carlisle. Dr. White Elk is an ex-service man and is now connected with the White Swan institution near Prosser. He gave a varied program followed by a lecture, urging that the Indian be given as much consideration as the foreign people of this country.

In Geography Class

Mrs. Mead: “I don't care, the farmer should get more profit on his produce.”

Mr. Cooper: “Why, bless your heart, I won't argue with you about that.”

The programs for the baccalaureate service and commencement exercises for the class of August, 1920, are as follows:

Baccalaureate Service

Processional, Mrs. Kennedy invocation, Rev. Martin; solo, Mr. Baldwin; scripture reading; hymn; address, Mr. Devine; benediction, Rev. Martin; postlude, Mrs. Kennedy.

Commencement

Processional (Guilmant), Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy; invocation, Rev. Mr. Martin; violin solo, Mrs. G. L. Farnham; address, Honorable J. Stanley Webster; solo, “I Long for You,” J. DeForest Cline—violin obligato, Mrs. Farnham; presentation of diplomas; marche pontificale (Gounod), Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy; class roll.

SENIOR SNEAK

Oh, the Seniors took a sneak;
Yes, the Seniors took a sneak—
Wish it happened every week!

SENIOR PLAY A SUCCESS

Continued from Page 1

The part of Mrs. Sharpe, the landlady was taken by Rae Russell. Miss Russell, assisted by her makeup, was a typical crooked old landlady. Her interpretation of the part was excellent. Her naturally sweet and sunny disposition was completely submerged in the part she played. Another person who was playing in a part absolutely adverse to her character was Della Barelay as the spiteful Miss Kite. Miss Barelay's friends could scarcely recognize her, so good was her interpretation of the part, and we venture to say that they breathed a sigh of relief when she appeared in the last act, a calm, quiet person everyone loved.

Miss Lucy Bridge was naturally cast well for the part of Mrs. De Holvey, and her good understanding of the part made her part a success. Her snobbishness in the first act was well sustained, and in the last act she was her own gracious, sweet and helpful self. Another person who fared well for the part he had to play was Fred Berquist as Major Tompkins. His interpretation was very sincere. In the first part of the play, the bluffing, bullying, blustering Major was lived for us on the stage, and in the latter part his better self was asserted in his willingness to do something useful, and in his tardy tenderness to his wife. The part of his wife, Mrs. Tompkins, was taken by Ruby Smith. Miss Smith lived the part of the shrew in the first act, a vixen soured against the earth, and carrying an eternal chip on her shoulder. A family quarrel was precipitated between Major and wife which held everyone on the edge of their seats until it was interrupted. “Mrs. Tompkins” was more easily recognized by her friends in the last act as a motherly old woman, ready to lend a helping hand to those who needed it.

The part of the daughter, Vivian, was played by Miss Martha Mallory. Miss Mallory's poise, perfect enunciation and ease on the stage made her interpretation of her part exceptionally good. A wicked, scheming hussy in the first act who was willing to sell herself for money became the loving fiancée of the artist, Christopher Peony, in the last act. The part of the artist was taken by Harold Whicker. Christopher, in the first part of the play, was a coward, willing to be a traitor to his art to obtain his desires burned up his vulgar pictures and started life over again in the last act, with Vivian as his partner, and Mr. Joseph Wright as his patron and friend. The part of Mr. Wright was taken by Victor Barry. This part in which the atmosphere was so difficult to keep was held in a really remarkable way throughout the play by Mr. Barry. The old man was before us always. Never once did the real Mr. Barry peep thru.

The part of the scheming, wicked old Jew was taken by Deral Phillips. Mr. Phillips was really excellent in this part. The mercenary old wretch who was trying to beat everyone out of their money was especially hard to convert, and tried to swindle the Stranger himself, but finally realized his honor as a Jew, and became a new man. Partner to the Jew in his swindle games was the sporty young cad, Harry Larkum, which part was taken by Mr. Ed Bloom. Mr. Bloom's interpretation of the sporty, care free tough was excellent. His better self, as found by the Stranger, asserted itself in his childhood dream of a better class of work, that of an entertainer.

The leading lady in the play was Mrs. Leila George as the little maid, Stasia. Mrs. George was really wonderful in this part. Perfectly at home upon the stage, her whole thought and soul entered into the part she was playing. The tough little servant just out of prison was the one who really saw the lack in the lives of the people, and when the “better spirit” entered the household, she was the first to respond. Mrs. George's scenes

with the Stranger were full of beauty and pathos, and she ably supported the Stranger in his exceptionally difficult part.

Mr. Elmer Staffebach had the lead of the play as the Stranger. This part is one of the most difficult parts ever assumed by an actor. Forbes-Robertson realized this when he chose “The Passing of the Third Floor Back” as the play to star him in his last trip to the West. The spirit of Christ, the call of our better self in response to his mere presence, made the atmosphere which he must assume a wonderful and beautiful thing. A flaw of any sort in his facial or vocal expression would have ruined the entire play. But there was no such flaw. In this play Cheney has seen some of the best acting ever witnessed in this town, and truly, his part was the best in the play.

While the presentation of this play by amateurs was not what could be expected of a Forbes-Robertson cast, it was a wonderful play, and faculty members have said that it was a piece of the best work ever done here. The interpretations were sincere and well sustained. The atmosphere was excellent throughout the play. It is undoubtedly one of the best types of plays ever presented in the Normal, and let us hope for more of this type that we may get a better appreciation of real plays instead of a taste for particularly delicate custard pie. The August 1920 class is to be congratulated on its good taste in choosing such a play and the skill with which they presented it. Mr. Anthony and Mr. Leach handled the properties and scenes of the play very efficiently. Miss Warren's part, that of making the cast presentable in their several roles, was such as to create that atmosphere of appearance as only a good makeup can. To the people behind the scenes the class owes abundance of gratitude. In the orchestra pit we found Mr. Cline and his “gloom chasers” performing in usual form.

“Which”

May Leonard: “I have a T. L. for you.”

Ann Sumner: “Oh, what is it?”

May Leonard: “Some one said you were a swell dresser—but you'd make a better commode than a dresser.”

The Originator

Perspiring Student: “How did summer school ever originate?”

Mrs. Yost: “Why, summer school is the creation of the devil.”

Miss Donaldson: “Oh, are we going to have omelet for dinner?”

Miss Joneson: “Oh, no; that's only Miss Shottenfels getting an egg shampoo.”

An Angel?

Lucy Bridge: “How would you describe an angel, Dr. Tieje?”

Doc Tieje: “Well—er—an angel is a person dressed in a night gown, with a gold band on its head and sails on its back.”

Change of Color

Mr. Anthony: “Mr. Kingston, do blue eyes every become dark after the age of 20?”

Mr. Kingston: “It may not be a sociological fact, but I could change yours very suddenly.”

Miss Dobbs (in hygiene): “A young man should kiss a girl on either the left or right cheek.”

Orval Miller: “I'd rather hesitate between the two.”

Good Advice

Mae and Scovel, looking over their presents, found written on the back of a sofa pillow the following motto:

“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

Practical, We'll Say

Miss Atkins: “What is the skin of a cow used for?”

Brilliant Senior: “Why, to keep the meat in.”

CLASS WILL

We, the members of the August, '20 class of the State Normal school at Cheney, Washington, and defenders of the Pink and Green, upon knowledge of our coming parting with the institution of our hopes and future memories, do hereby write our last will and testament, to be accepted without question and with gratefulness for our bounty:

Item: To the State of Washington we do bequeath our thanks for the opportunity of attending this school.

Item: To the State Normal School we do bequeath the memory that we constitute the largest class to graduate from the institution.

Item: To the faculty we do bequeath our surplus knowledge that they may be better fit to handle future geniuses.

Item: To the Senior B's we do bequeath our seats in assembly and our shoes that they may be filled with the grae and good-will of their former owners.

Item: To the underclassmen we do bequeath our notebooks stacked in Miss Donaldson's room that they may be of use instead of burned in a bonfire in the athletic field.

Item: Mira Booth's patience we do bequeath to future presidents of Senior A classes that they may be able to guide their ship over troublesome waters with ease.

Item: Elmer Staffebach's ability as an actor we do bequeath to Mr. Greenwood that he may become the gallant hero in the next play.

Item: Freeda Hall's beautiful fur choker we do bequeath to Mrs. Eldridge that she may wear it with grace and keep warm on the cold days of winter.

Item: George Kellar's stick-to-it-iveness we do bequeath to Henry Kleweno that he may have hopes of graduating some time in the future.

Item: Charley Parker's trousers we do bequeath to Hallam Norse with hopes that he may fill them with dignity.

Item: Rae Russell's business ability we do bequeath to Walter Wynstra that he may be able to check up on the money he spends on Pauline at Ted's.

Item: Enid Davies, Esmer Cavanaugh, and Margaret Barker's boredom we do bequeath to Elvera Swanson, Cletys Gossett and Gladys Price that they may bear the responsibilities of Seniors without seeming to do so.

Item: Mrs. Anthony's curly hair we do bequeath to Ruth Felch that she may turn out her light early and let her roommate sleep a little before the roosters begin to crow.

Item: Edna and Enid Grebe's ability to keep every one from knowing which is which we do bequeath to the Byars twins that they may be more successful in their efforts to do the same than they have been in the past.

Item: Fred Berquist's mustache we do bequeath to the Dramatic club for the use of future villains.

Item: Ruth Davis' ability to vamp all the men we do bequeath to Valva Holm that she may be more successful and request that she use it with the discretion of its former owner.

Item: Miss Jones' love for Iowa we do bequeath to Mr. Entwistle that Mr. Kingston's sociology classes may not lack the savor of argument.

Item: Nell Booth's quiet manners we do bequeath to Edna Bovee that she may profit by the living example of "Children should be seen and not heard."

Item: Ed Stricker's drawl we do bequeath to Haven Goodrich that he may make a hit with the young ladies in the future with less effort than he has had to exert in the past.

Item: Florence Kleweno's self-satisfaction we do bequeath to Vivian Cupernell that she will not be stepped on so much in the future.

Item: Louise Narup's ability to



The young lady, who in Observation class protested strongly against corporal punishment, changes her views after the first week of school.

stand with grace on the dean's carpet we do bequeath to Elsie Alder that she may not have qualms before entering upon that sanctum.

Remark: We, the Class of August, 1920, do hereby request that, as a final entreaty, the letter "U" be struck out of the alphabet so that Charlotte Spalding may not be bothered in the future by people who insist upon a "U" in her surname.

Signed this twelfth day of August, 1920, under seal and in presence of witnesses.

AUGUST, '20, CLASS, STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, CHENEY, WASHINGTON.

Witnesses:

Florence Lair (Chairman)
Avis Campbell
Edith Cavanaugh

An Editorial

"For men may come and men may go,

But I go on forever."—Tennyson.

Cool, sparkling, splashing, foaming, laughing, dancing, enticing is the brook.

Hot, sultry, burning, scorching, spurning is the city.

Sweltering, perspiring, groaning, repelling are we.

Come, brother, let us to the river.

Long Distance

Mr. Tarzan Jones was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death.

He rang up Friend Smith at once: "Hello, Smith!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"

Mr. Baldwin, in child study, speaking of gregariousness:

"Now take these men here at the school, for instance; they have a tendency to get together in big crowds."

Enj' G.: "I fail to see it."

THE MUSEUM OF FREAKS

Listen, you of Cheney Normal
To a story of the Seniors,
To their wondrous misadventures,
To their jokes, their wit, their wisdom;

How they came 'en masse' to Cheney,
How they crammed for their instructors,

Suffered agonies in history,
Tortured sore in economics,
Done to death on Senior English,
And at last when all was finished
And the summer school was ended
And they feared no more from brain-

storms,
How they marched with solemn footsteps,
Marched up there beyond the foot-

lights,
And received there, their diplomas
As a token of acquittal,

As a sign of their dismissal
From that den of persecution,
From the home of all the highbrows,
Truly yes! From Cheney Normal!

Once when Spring had lost its freshness

When the Town Pump took a lay off

And the Cheney people's gardens
And their lawns dried up and withered,

When we scarce dared take a spit bath

Just because of water famine,

When the rural schools were closing
In the year of 1920

Came a horde of tired teachers,
Came to Dean Buchanan's office,

Came to get an "eddication."

This was then, their only purpose,
Not for dances and fundangoes

Given here at Cheney Normal;
Not alone for recreation

That we always get at Play Hour,
But for just that roll of Sheepskin

Tied up with the Senior Colors,
Without which we would be useless.

In the field of "eddication"

Where all Seniors do their teaching.
Hear then of their Great Successes,
How Fred Berquist's little mustache

Tickled all the ladies' fancies,
How the cold he-villain vamped them,
Left them with their hearts all shattered;

How Bill Anthony, the artist,
He of lean and hungry figure,
Earned a miserable pittance
Painting scenery for Farnham;
And when one scarcely finished
Feverishly began another,
And another, and another,
Till at least so many changes

Made he for George L's department
That he lives and has his being
In a brush and can of whitewash,
And he raves of naught save scenery,
Hopeless wreck of many summers,
How there came one from Wash-

tucna.
Came to Cheney with her sister,
Came and was elected President;
How she was by all beloved,
Even Faculty loved Mira.

How her music, played at Play Hour,
Won from all, their admiration.

How the stranger in the Passing
Of the Third Floor Back won laurels,

How from out the Martin Contest
Staffelbach brought home the bacon.

When the Senior Class advisers,
Robert Baldwin and Miss Atkins,

Undertook to chaperone us
On the Wednesday known as Sneak

Day.

On a rampage went the Seniors,
They of stately, grave demeanor,
"Snuk" out to the lake to picnic.

Home they came to find their garments

Worn by Senior B's to classes,
Learn of how our Della Barclay,

She, the Blondest of our number,
Played at leapfrog at the Picnic,

How she smiled on Orval Miller,
And he lost his heart to Della,

And successfully she vamped him.
When the water famine hit us,

Then the different groups of Seniors
Forthwith to Fish lake would hie

them,
Where the swimming, dancing, boat-

ing
Could be said to have no equal.

After all the recreation
That the summer session furnished,

After all the sad misfortunes
In the shape of flunks and quizzes,

August came. And with it, Dog

Days,
Bringing in their wake Commence-

ment.

Joyful time, when all our number
Felt the stress of all the worry

Of the summer slipping from them;
Come into our Freaks' Museum.

Hear the labels on the inmates,
Read—and reading, heed quite

closely,
That the grave and Stately Seniors
With the fund of brains and knowl-

edge
Might amuse the low brow Public.

On our left we view the mummy
Of Ed Stricker, gay deceiver,

Once the pet of Julia Johnson
And her sidekick, Jennie Jensen;

From this glen of glooms departed,
For he could not choose between

them:
Thus the end of all the he-vamps,
They should all be ended likewise.

Victor Barry, just beyond him,
Next to meet our curious glances,

Comfortably upholstered
As becomes a footlight monarch;

He who surely would have rivalled
Shakespeare, Arbuckle or John

Bunny,
Had he but been spared to do so.

Kuhlman, king of all the highbrows,
'Neath a pile driver descending

Would look well—you will admit it;
But instead his mangled image

Rests on cotton in a show case,
Like some rare and precious jewel,

Shining in the Freak Museum,
Lucky Kuhlman of the bald head.

As you pass on thru the building,
Thru the Senior Freak Museum,

As you note each curious object,
Remnants of the defunct Seniors,

Please to shed a tear in passing,
For you, too, may soon be Seniors,

And like us—be raving thusly
Just to fill the Journal's columns

Full of bunk that's worse than this is.

—Lotta Nerve.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1920

The Senior class of this summer, 1920, is the largest class ever graduated from the Cheney State Normal school.

It has been wonderful and beautiful the way these 88 young men and women have worked together in spirit and in deed. It is a class with enthusiasm and pep, if you please.

Their colors, green and rose, have afforded much amusement to underclassmates, but the Seniors wear them just the same. Sweet peas and rose buds are the class flowers.

While Senior B's they chose Miss Atkins and Mr. Baldwin for their class advisers. Surely they could not have selected better ones, for both have been faithful, true and loyal in every respect, and they are loved by every member of the class.

Good times were had, especially by the girls, making candy for the candy sales. It wasn't all play, as any one of them can tell you, but the boys gallantly helped when it came to beating the divinity and tending the fire. A few pieces of coal were accidentally dropped into the boiling candy, but it tasted fine and no one was the wiser. The men were also called in to squeeze the lemons for punch, which was sold at play hour.

At the annual May day festival the class had one of the best floats in the parade. It consisted of an old-fashioned bee hive covered with roses and kinnikinnick, carrying out the class colors of pink and green. A large bee was flying before the entrance to the hive. The whole thing was carried by four of the Senior girls dressed in white.

This summer the class has shown a wonderful class spirit. Every Thursday night they have met on the campus and sung for an hour or more. In this way they have come into close fellowship with one another. They will always have fond memories of those Senior sings.

It was a pleasure for the Seniors to help dedicate the new Senior Hall which our president, Mr. Showalter, worked so hard to obtain for them. They trust that those who come after them may enjoy the Hall as much as they have.

Following the custom of other years, the faculty and Seniors were entertained by the class advisers at a delightful garden party. Another pleasant occasion was the dinner party given at Monroe Hall for the Seniors and third year students.

Sneak day is an annual event for the Senior class. This year they spent the day at Liberty lake, pick-nicking, rowing and bathing. They came home tired and sunburned, but wished that sneak day came more than once a year for them.

The B's gave a dance for the graduating class and faculty, but out of their kindness of heart they also invited all other students of the school.

The Seniors dramatically inclined put on the class play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which provided them an excellent opportunity for the exercise of their talent.

Commencement week was filled with Senior activities, beginning with the baccalaureate services Sunday night. Dr. Devine inspired all who heard him.

The program on Class day, consisting of tableaux, representing the history of the Normal school, was entirely different from anything given here before. Every member of the class took a part and did his or her best to make it a success. They had the weaving of the kinnikinnick chain and the passing of the arrow in accordance with the Normal school custom. Thru it all ran a sweetness, a sadness, a solemnity that means much to the Senior class.

On Commencement morning the class had their Senior breakfast on the roof of the Normal school, and in the evening came the crowning event, graduation itself. The Honorable J.



What happened to our old friend Prof. Duggan when he tried to introduce in the Daisy Dell school some new theories learned at the Normal.

Stanley Webster, M. C., gave the address, after which the Seniors received their diplomas, for which they had worked so hard.

Hearty congratulations were bestowed upon these worthy young people who were now ready to go out into the world to do their part in making it a better place to live and to offer their lives in service to their fellow men.

In the days to come these young people will look back, with pleasant memories of the time they spent here in Normal school. All are deeply grateful to the kind instructors and fellow students who have been an inspiration to them, guiding them toward bigger and better things of life.

SENIOR HALL OPENING

Friday evening, July 9, several hundred students and townspeople attended the formal opening of Senior Hall.

There was a short program in the living room before the guests visited each of the suites of rooms.

Miss Helen Odell sang "Maiden's Song." Mr. Buchanan gave a talk on the sixth sense, which he defined as the patience and self reliance of the Senior girls in waiting for the completion of the hall. Mr. Kingston read President Showalter's message. Miss Nell Artman sang "Out Where the West Begins." The lights were then turned out and the Senior A's, each wearing his cap and carrying lighted candle, marched in a serpentine formation from both entrances into the living room, standing in front of the fire place.

The advanced students moved in and out among the Seniors, and placed bits of fire wood in the fire place.

Mrs. Monroe received a lighted candle and lighted the fire with the words, "It is the wish of the friends of the girls of Senior Hall that this fire place may scatter its light, radiate its heat and scatter good cheer to the future occupants of this beautiful home."

Miss Sara Buchanan gave a violin solo and then Mrs. Monroe presented the keys to Miss Mira Booth, class president and president of Senior Hall.

Miss Goodman, Senior Hall director, gave the response in behalf of the students in extending a hearty welcome to all to come again.

Ice cream and wafers were served and the Senior colors were carried out in the pink and green ice cream.

Eighth grade training school teacher: "Dorothy, you may give your points on why we have parliamentary drill."

Dorothy: "Well, when the pupils are tired it is good for them to drill and march and take exercises, then they feel more like studying."

CLASS DAY

What is a school without its traditions, without its legends, without its precedents? It is one that is cold and hard, for it is devoid of that feeling of warmth, that sentiment and that good fellowship which springs only from tradition and which endear it to the hearts of all who pass within its portals to drink at its Fountain of Learning.

Our Normal school is one of the sort whose memory lives and shall live in the hearts of all its students, for it is rich in beautiful traditions. Who witnessed the class day exercises and does not feel that that is true? Joyousness, beauty and solemnity were there all mingled together in a most pleasing manner.

First came the kinnikinnick drill and seating of the Senior B's. As usual, this was a most imposing ceremony—a joyous one, indeed, for the B's who had, since their entrance to school, been looking forward to the time when they might claim those much desired seats for their very own; joyous for the Senior A's because it meant that they were passing on to another activity of life, but sad because they were giving up the many associations, the pleasantries and the prestige enjoyed of being Senior A's.

The next feature was the stunt. Must we call it a "stunt"—is there not some other name more proper and more significant of its real worth? It was the history of the Washington State Normal school at Cheney, represented in 17 tableaux posed by members of the class. These 17 tableaux represented the most important episodes of Spokane Falls, including the graduation of this class, and ending with the singing by the entire class of Mr. Baldwin's Alma Mater song. The entire program was delightful. The readings, which were written by Mr. Staffebach and read back of the scenes by Mr. Baldwin, made a most pleasing background for the pictures. The colored lights thrown upon them enhanced their beauty and added a warmth which otherwise would have been unobtainable. The committee in charge is to be congratulated upon the originality of the scheme and upon the efficiency with which they carried it out.

Possibly the most fitting feature with which to close the series of events was the impressive ceremony of the Passing of the Arrow. Esther Freeman was chosen by the class to take the part of Sacajawea, and she took it admirably. Since Indian life has had such a great influence upon the territory about our institution, it is safe to say that the Passing of the Arrow is a tradition which is perhaps the one thing which will distinguish our school from all others.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM FROM HERE?

Graduation's near at hand—
Oh, where do we go from here?
Snug at home or in foreign land—
Say, where shall we be next year?

Or if by chance another year
Or two or six or ten
Shall add themselves to old Time's gear,
Say, where shall we all be then?

Our Myra e'er ten years have flown,
Twice married sure shall be.
She'll feed both husbands on corn pone
And drive them off to sea.

There's Della will be far away
In Aleutia's chilly clime,
Teaching the Indians all the day
To jazz and sing rag time.

Ed Stricker then will have become
A professor of renown,
Delivering many a law and hum
With his mouth turned neatly down

Now Mrs. George an M. D. is
Of credit and renown;
Her practice large; the truth is this:
Her pills are the best in town.

And next Madge Witt will cross our view,
She taught the Wiglafs to make stew
And won undying famt.

The Grebe twins by then shall trip
The light fantastic toe,
And on the stage cavort and skip
To delight the baldhead row.

Fred Berquist still the single life
Pursues, with sadden mien;
For every attempt to gain a wife
Most futile sure has been.

Rae Russell at first the rage
A clever movie star,
Now twinkles on the New York stage
Where all the bright lights are.

And William Anthony then will weigh
Full two and twenty pound;
While Mrs. Anthony, they say,
Has shrunk to skin and bone.

Louisa Narup's long made plan
Has gone a-gley of late;
Instead of wedding a handsome man,
She remains in the single state.

And now, across prophetic sight
The shades press thick and fast.
We could not read each fate aright,
So many came at last.

L'Envoi
But this we know, where'er we be
As the solemn years march on,
Each dear companion there will see
Against each rosy dawn.

And, too, against each sunset sky
The truth, good faith and love,
To keep our class ideals high
Till our class meets up above.

—E. R. E.

We really do wonder where the
"golden silence" goes to in assembly?
How the supervisors can possibly
take care of so many training school
teachers at once?

What some people find to talk
about?

First Student: "If its tails, we will
go to the show."

Second Student: "If its heads, we
will go to bed."

Third Student: "If it stands on
end, we will study."

Daughter: "Oh, father, how grand
it is to be alive! The world is too
good for anything. Why isn't every-
one happy?"

Father: "Who is he this time?"

Teacher: "Order, please!"
Student: "Ham and eggs."

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS OF AUGUST, 1920



CLASS ADVISERS



MISS MARY L. ATKINS



ROBERT D. BALDWIN

DEDICATION

To Miss Mary L. Atkins and to Robert D. Baldwin, in appreciation of their loyal spirit and kindly interest in the welfare and activities of the class of August, 1920, this issue of The Journal is dedicated.

Members of the graduating class and faculty members in the accompanying picture, from left to right, are as follows:

Bottom row—Orval Miller, Cheney; W. P. Anthony, Cheney; Mrs. W. P. Anthony, Cheney; Mary Hart, Prescott; Helen Odell, Pasco; Mary Atkins, class adviser, Cheney; Mira Booth, Washtuena; Ruth Newton, Colfax; Jennie Jensen, Spokane; Julia Johnson, Farmington; Florence Kleweno, Colfax; Mrs. Lelia George, Post Falls, Idaho; Margie Baughman, Colville; Della Barclay, Oakesdale; Robert Baldwin, class adviser, Cheney.

Second row—Vera Mae Holmes, Pomeroy; Emma Randall, Grangeville, Idaho; Mabel Becker, Portland, Ore.; Florence Lair, Spokane; Pauline Peterson, Cheney; Lucy Bridge, Reardan; Madge Witt, Valley; Rose Wagner, Reardan; Rae Russell, Greenacres; Ethel Mayes,

Cheney; Clara Bartels, Pomeroy; Maudie Hender, Pomeroy; May Leonard, Pomeroy; Pearl McPherson, Pomeroy; Lillian Brown, Spokane; Ruth Phillips, Bluestem; Estelle Owen, Mullan; Elsie Peterson, Newport; Carol Lester, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Katherine Conklin, Mohler; Ralph Lindahl, Cheney.

Third row—Mrs. Cecile Reynolds, Ontario, Ore.; Amy Houston, Opportunity; Anna Mueller, Walla Walla; Irene Myers, Spokane; Catherine Meyer, Ephrata; Sadie Smith, Sprague; Lyla Strong, Newport; Enid Davies, Endicott; Esmer Cavanaugh, Spokane; Lydia Goos, Spokane Bridge; Edith Cavanaugh, Spokane; Avis Campbell, Spokane; Mrs. Cora Campbell, Moscow; Freda Hall, Cheney; Minnie Norling, Spokane; Edna Grebe, Spokane; George Keller, Plummer, Idaho; Charles A. Parker, Prosser; Rolland Kuhlman, Edwall;

Edward Stricker, Deer Park.

Top row—Lucretia Nogle, Spokane; Winifred Jones, Sheldon, Iowa; Mildred McHenry, Spokane; Anatha Oriard, Marshall; Charlotte Spalding, Ione; Eleanor Elliott, Spokane; Avis Fisher, Newport; Mrs. Alice Parker, Prosser; Margaret Barker, Spokane; Trellis McCabe, Hillyard; Esther Freeman, Washtuena; Nell Booth, Washtuena; Maude Hollister, Kootenai, Idaho; Eva Bates, Spokane; Ruth Watts, Priest River, Idaho; Violet Riek, Finley; Jessie Thompson, Spokane; Minnie McCorkill, Spokane; Fred Berquist, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Elmer Staffebach, Palouse; Enid Grebe, Spokane; Ruth Davis, Endicott.

Seniors not in the photograph are Nellie M. Crow, Emma Elizabeth McCabe, Edna K. Morgan, Violet Louise Naruo, Mildred J. Rhodes, Edith May Rowe, Elinor Elizabeth Smith, Ruby Clare Smith and Nannie Vaughn.

SENIOR HALL SONG

By Elsie Nebergall

There's a home so full of comfort,
And the doors are oen wide
Merry light and cheer and happiness
abides;
And our hearts are filled with pleas-
ure
When the busy day is o'er.
'Tis a place for song and gladness,
And a place where spirits soar.
There's a chain of memories clinging
In the hearts of everyone;
And the day is ever bringing
Faces dear, when work is done.
And our cares we're ever flinging,
'Tis a joyous time for all,
When the songs of praise we're sing-
ing
To our dear old "Senior Hall."

There's a place within our memory,
And it stands upon a hill;
And it's filled with smiling faces dear
to me.
And tho time may make its changes,
Other faces may it fill,
There will be the same dear faces,
Those dear faces still I see.
I can hear the happy singing,
I can hear the echos ringing
When the evening shadows fall.
There's a hope within me burning,
When the faces I recall.
And I long to be returning
To the dear old "Senior Hall."

CLASS PROPHECY

Two members of the class of 1920, after teaching school for 20 years, found that they had so much surplus cash that they invested in an aeroplane, and being of a wandering turn of mind, they decided to become nomads of the air. They took a due course south and landed at the Fiji Islands. There we met with great difficulties in landing on account of a regiment of the death legion recently formed by Lyla Strong, for they took us to be imposters. But after assuring them of our friendly intentions we were welcomed with the usual entertainment of the savages. As we penetrated the interior we were constantly annoyed by savages until we recognized the chief as our old class mate, Mr. Ed Stricker. He was decked out in a string of pearls and his usual smile.

We were informed there of the whereabouts of some old acquaintances, Edith Cavanaugh, Enid Davies, Grace Droz, Winifred Jones and Jennie Jensen, who were engaged in pearl fishing in the South Sea Islands. They told us of their many adventures in diving.

After the strenuous month among the savages, we flew to Honolulu for a rest. We landed on the outskirts of the city. We immediately went to our hotel, dressed for a swim, ran to the beach and were about to plunge into the water when we heard our names called. You can imagine our surprise to see our well remembered classmate, Rae Russell. What on earth are you doing here? Oh, just gathering material for my new novel, to be called "The Soaring of a Lost Soul." Do you remember Ruth Phillips? I saw her yesterday down on the beach teaching a native to play a uke. Say, if you girls want a swell hairdress, go to the Beach street beauty parlor and get a manicure from the McCabe sisters and a hairdress from Minnie McCorkell. We thanked her and took our dip.

After enjoying the breezes of Honolulu we went to the Orient, Peking, China, being our first destination. Our machine became unmanageable, and we glided down into the central square of the city. We were speedily surrounded by a mob of slant-eyed Chinese. We were quite frightened for an instant, but were rescued by the missionary, Mr. Parker, and his wife, who later took us on a tour of the city.

Paris was our next destination, and there we had many pleasant sur-

prises. While in the air we met another plane just over Paris. The pilot being Mira Booth and the passengers being Esther Freeman and Ethel Mayes. They hailed us, so we landed together. The party of us went to a cabaret. The entertainment consisted of serpentine dancing by Mildred Rhodes and toe dancing by Anatha Oriard, Mildred McHenry and Avis Fisher. We learned from them that the cook of this famous place was Elmer Staffelbach.

Other tourists scattered about the city were Ruth Newton, May Leonard, Violet Riek and Madge Witt. While attending the opera we saw our much renowned Mabel Becker as a prima donna.

While in England we visited London, where we saw advertised the lecture by President Viator Barry of the young ladies' seminary, "How Ladies Should Dress." Needing some hairpins, we went to a 10 and 15 cents store and were waited upon by the Grebe twins.

Greenland had long held attractions for us, so we flew to that land of ice and snow and found an expedi-

by Della Barclay and Ruby Smith. Other members were Margie Baughman, Lillian Brown, Clara Bartels, Vera Holmes and Pauline Peterson. We left them with what supplies we had on hand and flew back to the United States to secure aid.

Not all the members of our old class had sought their fortunes in foreign countries, for we found George Kellar as a music teacher in the Boston conservatory, Nell Booth demonstrating baking powder in Reno, Nevada, Rose Wagner as a chocolate dipper in the Davenport hotel, Nellie Crow and Louise Narup on the Pantages circuit as acrobats, Leila George keeper of the lions in the city park of the city of Chicago, Orval Miller as a dancing teacher in Burke, Idaho, Lydia Goos as an elevator girl in the Herald building in New York. We learned that Florence Lair was the keeper of Mr. Speck and five little Specks in a Pittsburg tenement house. Edith Rowe was touring the state of Washington making speeches for better rural schools. Eva Bates and Lucy Bridge were senators from Washington. Charlotte Spalding as a woman suffrage speaker.

Julia Johnson was found to be the dean of women at Cheney Normal. On Cannon Hill we found Ruth Davis hanging out clothes. We read of Helen Odell and Mary Hart being arrested for running a still in the mountains of Kentucky.

On our way thru the Yellowstone we saw two people whom at first we took to be strangers, but on closer observation we discovered them to be Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Anthony, but wonders of wonders, Mr. A. had gained until he was quite portly, while Mrs. A. was as slender as a wood nymph.

The Pendleton Roundup held some attractions for us, so there we went and saw Mrs. Cora Campbell doing lasso jumping, Maude Holister roping wild steers, Elsie Peterson in a pony race; and Sadie Smith was the champion of the bulldogging steer contest.

On returning to Spokane we visited Ralph Lindahl's pawn and junk shop, where we saw some familiar articles, such as Della Barclay's ear rings, Freeda Hall's bracelet, Enid Grebe's diamond, Ruth Davis' red blouse, Fred Berquist's moustache, and Mira Booth's green cap.

THE RED AND WHITE

DEDICATED TO
WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, CHENEY, WASHINGTONWORDS AND MUSIC
J. DEFOREST CLINE

March Maestoso

CLASS POEM

(Dedicated to J. Werner Hoppe)

I.

A just man dies, nor finds it hard to do;
So Jesus died and drank the bitter brew
Of death; nor cursed the fate that held the cup,
Forgiving those who pierced His body thru.

But Marys murmured o'er His corpse and wept;
The Friendship Circle grieved, too, as they kept
Their vigil watch; they could not seem to see
Across the grave where His pale body slept.

What thought they of a soul—what knew or cared?
Their fleshly loves to hopelessness lay bared;
The night was dark, the day was bitterness,
The world was hard, and they were little spared.

And every day some painful death we die,
When parting sorrows on us heavy lie;
Some well loved friend a farewell smile we pay
Who gives us heartache in a fond goodbye.

I had a friend—but many called him friend—
He was a man well loved by many men—
Why should I say he WAS and not he IS,
For such as he have life without an end.

II.

When life is with me much there comes a cry,
Flesh-born and strong, that this alone is I—
That pulse and breath make up the things of life,
That life-in-death is but a hopeful lie.

And what the odds; whether in care we be,
Or from the dull of merriment we flee,
We find in end the future's question mark—
No surety of anything have we.

Then shall we hearken to Hope's siren song,
And pay our dues to Bigotry along—
To bargain for the welfare of the soul—
Or live unbounded lives, full, rich and strong.

What other men may choose I may decline;
Some take the sour; I take the sweeter wine,
And spend my days in living, not in fear—
For me are life and love alone divine.

III.

But in the thrall of quiet thought I see
A realm, a dim, half-hidden world to me,
Where souls renew their strength and make them strong
To battle with the flesh for victory.

I walked and dreamed of wealth a summer's day;
A child was picking flowers by the way;
I paused to smile and buy a tiny bud—
He scorned my coin, but took my smile for pay.

I had a dream that I was richly great;
I gloated o'er the poor of low estate,
And reaching far, drew everything to me,
Regardless of my neighbor's love or hate.

WORDS
ROBERT D. BALDWIN

Dedicated to the State Normal School Alumni, Cheney, Washington

ALMA MATER

Music
J. DEFOREST CLINE

To thee, O dear, dear Nor-mal, Our hymn of praise we bring; Thru the
As with—in thy halls we lin—ger Wrapt in knowledge's mys-tic spell, We are
When life's cares and dis—ap—point—ments Cast dull sha—dows on our way. And the

gold—en In—land Em—pire It's e—choes loud—ly ring; For our
bound, ah! far more firm—ly To friends we love so well. But to
hearts are bowed and bleed—ing. That once were 'blithe and gay, Then we'll

hearts are staunch and loy—al, To thy best tra—di—tions true; Che—ney,
thee we cling most close—ly, To thy best tra—di—tions true; Che—ney,
turn a—gain, and fond—ly To thy 'best tra—di—tions true, Che—ney,

Wash—ing—ton State Nor—mal, Al—ma Ma—ter— here's to you!
Wash—ing—ton State Nor—mal, Al—ma Ma—ter— here's to you!
Wash—ing—ton State Nor—mal, Al—ma Ma—ter— back to you!

I had a dream that I was bowed with toil,
And bound in serfdom to another's soil;
I had no pride, I had no other thought
Than coarse-ground meal with just a little oil.

Once in a dream, I was a man of creed;
I scourged the sinners—unbelieving breed;
I blighted crops and plagued their fattened herds,
That they might learn and, learning, give me heed.

Within a dream, I was gentile born;
I reared a gentile's herd, a gentile's corn,
Which, blighted, left my little ones to starve;
And all my days my heart bowed down to mourn.

A king sent out a herald to demand
The world to worship him; his high command
Was prompt obeyed: the world bowed humbly down,
But murmured things he could not understand.

IV.

Within this world where all men play a part,
Who hopes to clear life's wrinkled, debt-marked chart?
Debts measured not in talents more or less,
But in the currency of heart with heart.

Nor unto him, my friend—my more than friend;
My teacher, seer and guide—do I pretend
That I have made return; I gained a hope.
He found a care which only faith could mend.

I gained a hope? I gained a power to see—
To view the honey and forget the bee—
I plundered laden ships which he had launched
Upon the current of mortality.

My debts of love I never hope to pay.
Such debts are dear; I ask no better pay
In life, than debtor-wise to tread my path,
And boast such riches all along the way.

What I owe them, by friends shall owe to me;
My heart as great or love as other be;
Remembering them, I lose my separate self,
And face the future not as "I," but "We."

V.

Short while ago, I held his hand in mine;
Eyes that beheld me then, now things divine
Behold; the world was his; its songs and hopes,
Each bird, each field, each tree and clambering vine.

For him celestial lights shone in the

sheer
Vast firmament; for his approving ear
All Nature's ample chorus raised its voice;
And his the power to feel, and see, and hear.

Is this now lost to him?—In answer, Faith,
Speaking to waiting hearts and troubled, saith:
"Why fear to lose, when loss is but to gain
A waiting need which every loss repayeth?"

Life is a test-time, and its woes a cross
Which we must bear thru nettle-fields of dross
Up sorrow peaks, where Heaven spreads below,
And with a look gain back our every loss.

—E. H. S.

AN APPRECIATION

To those members of the Senior class who contributed to this issue of the Journal, the editor wishes to express his sincere appreciation.

Contributors to this issue are: Mrs. Leila George, Lydia Goos, Elmer Staffebach, Eleanor Elliott, Winnifred Jones, Lucretia Nogle, Charles Parker, Nell Booth, Violet Riek, Ruth Watts, E. and E. Grebe, Ruth Davis, Mrs. Cecile Reynolds, Lyla Strong, Edith Cavanaugh, Avis Campbell, George Keller, Emma Randall, Florence Lair, Ethel Mayes, Maudie Hender, Della Barelay and Rae Russell.

DECLAMATION CONTEST

The declamation contest for the Clarence Martin prize was held Monday evening, July 26, in the auditorium. Each of the 12 contestants gave very excellent readings. The prizes were awarded as follows: Dramatic section, "Mr. Britling Sees It Thru," Sara Buchanan; oratorical section, "The Problem of the Margin," Elmer Staffebach; humorous section, "At the Movies," May Hurst. The student body of the Normal school greatly appreciates Mr. Martin's generosity and interest in this line of activity.

SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

The last of May, the halls of the administration building began to resound with the lusty voices of the Seniors returning to complete their last quarter's work at Cheney Normal. From north, south, east and west they came—88 in number.

On Thursday of the second week they organized the largest Senior class that has ever been organized at the Normal. The president of the former Senior B class was asked to take charge of the meeting. This meeting was devoted to the election of class officers. The following officers were elected: President, Mira Booth; vice president, Ruth Davis; secretary-treasurer, W. P. Anthony; class reporter, Rose Wagner; chairman of social committee, Lydia Goos.

With the help of the best class advisers possible, Mr. Baldwin and Miss Atkins, the Senior class has been a very successful organization.

BRILL CONCERT

A rare treat was given August 2 to the student body and faculty by Mr. Brill of Spokane and his assistants. Mr. Brill has given concerts at the Normal for the past two years and it is the desire of everyone that he appear again.

DR. PAYNE

We were very fortunate in having with us this summer Dr. Payne, who has travelled extensively and made a study of various countries and their people. His lectures were well attended and enjoyed by everyone.

MISS GOODMAN

The Seniors who have lived this summer quarter in Senior Hall, wish to express their appreciation for the sweetness, generosity and high-mindedness of their director, Miss Nettie E. Goodman. Her sweet, gracious manner won each of us from the first, but each day many other noble traits of her character were revealed to us.

She has been to us an example of the highest type of womanhood and has left a lasting impression upon the hearts and minds of each girl who has lived with her.

Yet there is another trait of character which perhaps has meant more to the girls than any other. That can be summed up in the statement so frequently heard at Senior Hall: "Goody is just one of us."

MISS JOHNSTON

After 16 years of service in the Cheney State Normal school, Miss Frances Johnston is about to sever her connection with the institution. As dean of women, her relationship with the hundreds of girls who have been members of the student body during that time has been a most friendly, helpful and cordial one. Her wise judgment, kindly advice and careful supervision have been immeasurable factors in the shaping of many young lives and her painstaking instruction has been carried out by her students and disseminated in every section of the Northwest.

One particular trait that we Seniors have learned to appreciate during all our school experience is her endless patience and facility in finding time to hear, and a way to help us in our difficulties, no matter how trivial they may be, nor what the other demands upon her attention. One so often hears the remark, "Miss Johnston always has time for all of us."

We feel that her going is a great loss to us and to those students coming after us who will not have the privilege of knowing her. We wish her Godspeed, confident that wherever she may be she will continue her devoted service to the young people of America and thru them, to her country.

MAM'ZELLE TAPS

The operetta, "Mam'zelle Taps," or "The Silver Bugler," which was presented Friday evening, July 23, proved to be one of the biggest successes of the summer session. The leading parts, that of Marie and Alonzo, the American Sammy, were very well interpreted by Miss Aneita White and Mr. Nelson. They were supported by an able cast. The chorus, in their quaint peasant costumes, formed a pretty setting for the play.

What is Worse?

Mr. Kuller: "A bald head?"
Mr. Cooper: "No head at all."

Miss Schottenfels (in grammar): "I know a man who talks in the first person three times a day. Everything he says begins with I and centers around me."

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THE JUNIOR CHAUTAUQUA

The Junior Chautauqua! Who and what is it? The Junior Chautauqua is composed of 40 of the liveliest members of the Cheney State Normal School. This organization is not for good times alone, but for good, earnest work, and lots of it.

We started our work the first of June, and with Fred Berquist at our head, we have sailed right away with some of the best times known to Cheney students. During the quarter we planned and sent out various groups to our neighboring towns to give entertainments.

Our first call came from the Y. W. C. A. in Spokane, Friday evening, July 23. If one had been noticing the state road he would have seen the Normal jitney spinning along on its way to Spokane filled to overflowing with the eager groups of C. S. N. S. chautauqua entertainers. The program there, which consisted of readings, violin and vocal solos, was a decided success.

Next we sent a group out to Amber, and our members not only were the givers of a splendid program, but were the recipients of one, also. Such when word came to us that Amber wanted another program there was a mad clamoring of members to go, because they wanted to help in the entertainment (!)

Other places where programs were given were Williams Lake, Cheney Methodist church, Badger Lake and last but not least, Medical Lake.

Yes, you may laugh when you hear that we went to Medical Lake, but a crowd of 14 Junior Chautauqua members isn't to be laughed at; and did they not give up the formal dance in honor of the Senior A's in order that the Junior Chautauqua might be loyal to the Red and White? While the majority of students were gaily whirling to the music of Mr. Cline's orchestra, these 14 members were on their way to Medical Lake, some in the Normal jitney (our greatest friend). But they were well rewarded by generous eats and more generous dishes of ice cream. If you don't believe it, just ask Mr. Farnham.

But the picnic at Fish lake was one of the times we shall never forget. A cold plunge in the lake, followed by the best eats and plenty of lemonade imaginable.

The farewell breakfast for this quarter will be held Wednesday morning by this happy group. We trust that this work will be carried on in the future to even a greater extent than it was this summer, truly it is a work well worth advancing.

Officers for the summer quarter are as follows: Fred Berquist, president; Ruth Odell, vice president; Dorothea Snyder, secretary-treasurer; Ruby Smith, manager; Raymond Snyder, chairman presentation committee; Harold Whicker, chairman social committee.

Election of officers for the next quarter will be held at the organization's next meeting.

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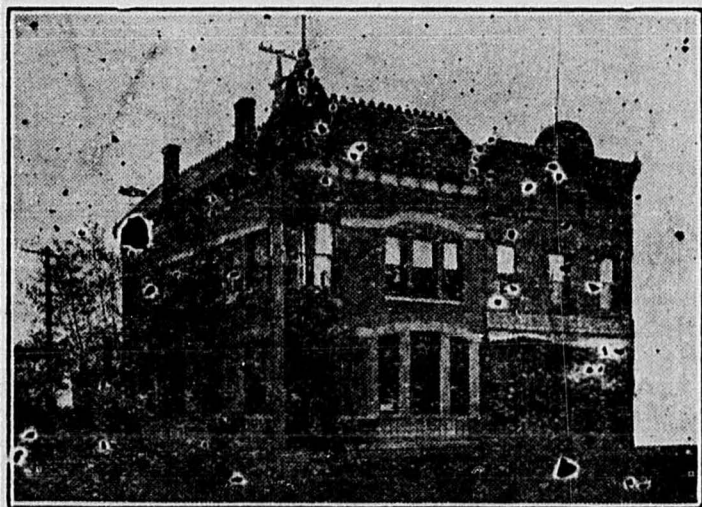
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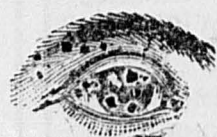
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SENIOR HALL NOTES

Visitors

Because of the operetta, many visitors were entertained in the Hall. Those reported were: Mrs. Helgeson, Mrs. Bach, Miss Alma Fitch, Miss Anna McHenry.

Picnic

Sunday evening a merry group of girls of the Hall went on a picnic to the race track. Upon reaching their destination a bonfire was started and the odor of fried potatoes, wieners, etc., was prominent. Many appetite-teasers were brought forth. Those who relished the feast were: Mira Booth, Nell Booth, Winnifred Jones, Lucretia Nogle, Lulu Shafer, Jessie Rice, Alice Walstrom, Ruth Newton and Miss Goodman. The following guests (who also participated) were present: Mrs. Betts, Miss Gaines, Miss Lillian Walstrom, Miss Vera Hogue and Mrs. Lee Shafer. We must admit that this was an unusually interesting and jolly picnic.

Week-End Guests of Senior Hall

Gertrude Boyle visiting Louise Narup.

Edna Sonnemier, guest of Lillie Finchum.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry visiting Miss Goodman.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Shafer visiting Lulu Shafer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Parsons and Harry Parsons visiting Miss Parsons.

Esther Denckla visiting Ruth Newton.

Lois Davison visiting Myra Booth.

Mr. Caps visiting Ruth Witmer.

Other guests were: Morae Nelson, Blanche Powers, Herman Hopf, "Hankie" Kleweno, Ruth Horn, Albert Horn, Martha Glass, Mr. Betts and Mrs. Watt and little daughter.

Senior Hall Feed

One evening of last week, the fire alarm brought all the girls tumbling into the living room, where Miss Goodman, who had been in the room, appeared on the scene and asked the girls to settle down, find paper and pencils, and write the names of all the girls they could think of. By this time, we discovered this was our "jollity evening," and the program had begun.

Gladys Bach won the little silver vanity case for having the long list of 72 names. Lydia Goos was close behind with 71 names.

The rest of the program was also impromptu.

Vocal solo, Nell Artman: oration, "Good Housekeeping." (Let Ruth Do It), E. Swanson: dance, Highland Fling, Edna Grebe, Miss Trimball, Helen Odell and Mabel Becker; reading, Gladys Price; duet, (the solo we couldn't hear), Bess Robert and Miss Vermillion; play, "The Vamps," Cletys Gossett, Miss Powers and Miss Nebergall; piano solo, "I Can't," Della Barclay; Senior Hall Song, All Of Us & Co.; dancing, (no men allowed); feed, (cantaloupe a la mode and cake).

When all at last became sufficiently sleepy-eyed, silence once again reigned in our happy home.

Honor Miss Johnston

An informal afternoon reception was given in the living room in honor of Miss Frances Johnston, who is leaving Cheney the coming year.

Many warm friends and admirers gathered, chattering merrily and enjoying the refreshments of ice cream and wafers. Several delightful solos were sung by Mrs. Forshaw, which were enthusiastically encored.

Miss Johnston generously praised the hostesses. The event was pronounced pleasurable indeed.

Teacher: "Children, what is the meaning of the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast?'"

Johnny: "It means, teachers, that they were pulling down the window shades."

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Visitor to Student: "Are you a student here?"

Student: "No, I'm just serving my sentence."

New Student (coming into assembly): "What class is that up on the stage?"

Second Student: "Don't know, unless it is the choir."

Bert Hall: "My girl has beautiful teeth. They're just like stars—"

John Mock: "Yes, they come out at night."

Robert Hingate (to young N. D. Showalter): "Gee! I'd like to know how to dance!"

N. D.: "Ah! Gee! I'd rather learn to play poker."

Stricker: "I'm going into the auto tire business."

Hank: "Just how?"

Stricker: "Oh! I'm going to graft doughnuts on rubber trees and produce tires."

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